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Editorial.

OR the benefit of the many friends have sent kindly words of encour- ment coupled with agonized con- ions of inability to help we print following words of Dorothea in ddlemarch: "I have a belief of own and it comforts me—that by iring what is perfectly good, even en we don't quite know what it nd cannot do what we would, we part of the divine power against —widening the skirts of light and ding the struggle with darkness rower."

The Christian Union thinks that here is more likelihood that the thodist Church will become the tional Church than that the Roman holic will dominate the Republic, not the slightest need of anx- lest either of them may reach pre-eminence."

F the daily papers are to be relied n, the appointment as receiver for arently troubled corporations of who have helped precipitate the kruptcy *for a purpose;* and the sibility that judges have left their ches for the sake of accepting er salaries to help steer great cor- ations into prosperity, are all too mon. The manner of laying off ermine may also bring stain upon

n the "Menu" in the buffet cars ome of the Pullman lines in the t there runs this headline, "Prohi- n states: Texas, Kansas Arkansas, Iowa, Tennessee, Mississippi, Ohio. No WINE OR LIQUOR SOLD IN LOUISIANA OR PENNSYLVANIA ON SUNDAY." Surely something is happening. We are groping our way with little common consciousness towards a concensus of opinion that there is a liquid fire in the world against which it is right for the community to fix fire limits, and organize fire brigades in self-protection.

"THE Church of All Hollows in London siill possesses an income originally given it for the purpose of buying faggots for burning heretics". The spirit that would exclude, for opinions sake, any man or church from the fellowship of love, thought and good works is a sadder survival, a far more veritable "relic of barbarism" than this old fund long since diverted to higher uses. What are the words "infidel," "heretic," even the words Christian and "Unitarian when insisted upon as boundary shibboleths, but living survivals of the spirit of which this fund is a dead survival?

WE hear much in these days of the importance of spiritualizing our material facts. Quite as great is the need of materializing the spiritual fancies, —that is to say, the revelation of *things* contributes to that reverence, trust, hope, earnestness of soul which we call "spirituality." The most unspiritual attitude of mind to-day is that which deems matter coarse, which sneers at those studies that bring the material forces under human control, or, at least, enables man to profit by that splendid stream of energy we call "nature," by enabling him to wisely go her way when he cannot induce her to change her method and go with him.

A DORCHESTER, Massachuetts, High School boy publishes an article in the school paper on "Tobacco," from which the following is taken, and is worthy of the consideration that comes from maturity and experience. "A venerable school teacher of more than forty years' experience once said 'I have been a close observer of scholars and have noticed that those who used tobacco were very much affected by its power. I have considered it a great disturber. Those who used it, other things being equal, were less certain, or more unequal in their studies and recitations. They also seemed to be less amiable; for the poison maddened their nerves and mind, and rendered them the very worst scholars in school.' "

THE promise of electrical communication between two distinct points without the agency of an intervening wire is rapidly being fulfilled. A few years since inductive electricity, as it is called, which finds the ether a sufficient conductor for its purposes, was but a theory of the laboratory, today it has become a fact in civilization. English electricians at Cardiff and elsewhere are easily transmitting electric messages across a wireless distance of three miles without any sign of approaching the limits of possibility in this direction. Why not? Light is flashed through space without other medias than the ether. How about love and thought?—are not they also travelers over intangible wires?

THE *Christian Union*, in a recent note, contains an illustration of an easy but to our mind vicious philosopizing too current among our so-called religious papers, in trying to reconcile what it calls "the unsolved enigma of history, the Catholic flag red on one side with the blood of martyrs, whom it has slain; on the other side red with the blood of its own martyrs who have died for it." It tries to account for Torquemada and Bishop Fenelon in one church, by tracing the sensuality and cruelty to Paganism, the faith and self-sacrifice to Christianity. It talks of "the River of God flowing through Europe in the middle ages, purifying it as water cleanses a sewer, by taking the impurities into itself." But one wonders where the "River of God" flowed before the middle ages; and was there no "River of God" before Christianity? This distinction between Christianity and Paganism as a philosophic, absolute and definite fact becomes daily less philosophic and more apparent in its superficiality. The truth is, Christianity itself contains this enigma of a kind and cruel side, the sword and the cross; because the human nature out of which it is made contains this enigma. There was and is a "River of God" in so-called Pagan world, bearing love and faith on its bosom. There was and is another river in Christianity bearing selfishness, exclusiveness and bigotry on its bosom. The division, when it comes, will not be between Pagan and Christian; but between dogma and the truth-seeking spirit; between creed and character; between authority and life in religion.

On the 12th of February Dr. E. G. Hirsch gave an interesting sermon on "Lincoln and Darwin," whose common birthday was then celebrated. During the discourse the following passage occurred:

"Many are there, that in our historical scrolls will be engraved with an inspiration, never to be obliterated, but the greatest of all he, who was in his early days, the poorest of all, poor in his material resources, poor in the opportunities for filling the yearning of his mind and the longings of his soul, poor in consolation, but rich in himself. Such men God occasionally sends to earth to teach humanity the great lesson of the hidden, the slumbering possibilities of humanity. It is not mere accident, it is a fact that the saviors of humanity but rarely come from the palaces of the rich, the pampered surroundings of the wealthy.

"Where one steps down from the royal chamber and exchanges the purple of the priestly garb for the reeking rags of the beggar's robe, the thousand and one come from the stable of Bethlehem, from the log cabin of Kentucky, come from where misery squats and want is a constant guest. Jesus the son of poverty, Lincoln the child of want are but two of a class through whom humanity has become better and nobler, who show that though man may come from below he rises up toward the heights where God abides and truth wields the scepter."

This passage aroused the indignation, it is said, of many of the conservative Jews in the city, but his own congregation, according to the local interviews, fully supported him. Mr. Gatzert, President of the society, when asked said:

"Dr. Hirsch said what every honest and true man would say even regarding those who can not agree with him in his religious and moral theories. He spoke in eloquent terms of all that was good, noble, and praiseworthy in the founder of the Christian religion, without evincing in the least that he believed in the enthusiastic delusions of this loving character, who probably did indeed consider himself the Son of God, the Messiah of Israel predicted by the prophets."

He could not see why a public speaker has not the right in his biographical delineations of the world's great men, to draw striking comparsions between such men as Jesus, Moses, Darwin, Lincoln, or any other great light that came to remove darkness and to ameliorate the conditions of men. As a man and a moral reformer Jesus may rightly invoke the admiration of even the Jews; as divine as the Son of God and not of human parentage he is not accepted by them.

Julius Rosenthal, one of the accomplished lawyers of the city, and a member of "Hirsch's congregation, said concerning the paragraph:

"Dr. Hirsch sees and views things from a higher plane. He is one of the most prominent and genuine teachers of modern Judaism, and like all men of that class, one of the best abused men on the part of those who, out of foolishness or ignorance or pure cussedness have an idea that the Doctor must preach what is in their heads. For that class of people he does not care. He is in full harmony with his congregation, the Sinai congregation. Christianity has belittled Jesus by making a God of him; whenever it will be ready to drop the divinity and assign him his place in history among mankind the unbiased Christian and Jewish mind will find its highest expression in the view taken by Dr. Hirsch in his lecture of Sunday and will see in him the highest type of man, worthy to be mentioned as one of the galaxy of men enumerated by the Doctor."

Words of Cheer

In soothing compensation for the humiliation over the many typographical sins that have burdened the pages of UNITY for the last two weeks, pages that never have been better than endurable, comes the tide of good will and hearty cheer which makes UNITY ashamed that it ever thought a suspension was possible. The fact that our printer is in two offices, both of them broken up, and our own home at 175 Dearborn street in a state of confusion consequent upon renovation, is our partial excuse. Be patient with us, friends, and when the new company is fully organized, and that possible expert and loving hand is found to do the careful work at headquarters which now goes largely undone, we may be able to give UNITY a clean face and a comely dress worthy the wide and high cause that stings it on to still higher endeavor. We cannot possibly find time to acknowledge by mail the many greetings and hand clasps that have come to us. Neither can we thing it quite honest to enjoy this wholly by ourselves, for UNITY has always chosen cordiality and confidence rather than dignity. Our readers are our friends, and we easily

realize the family circle that weekly gathers around its board. The correspondence of these last two weeks confirms a long-settled conviction, *viz.*, that UNITY is the poorest printed and best-beloved little paper that we know of.

But our readers are most interested in its prospects. Fifteen years of a pull, with a steady upgrade, is a corrective to easy enthusiasm. We do not anticipate any immediate or striking triumphs; but we do say that with such loyal backing we still believe that UNITY's voice will continue to be heard in growing clearness and by a widening circle.

Listen to some of the notes of cheer that have come to us. An old and loving friend of UNITY, from Milwaukee, writes:

"Did you ever really think of giving up UNITY? What would such a poor body as I do without a sight of this precious paper every week? I have always welcomed it as a personal call. May I be one of those whose privilege it is to hold a share in the new enterprise."

A wise Western minister says:

"I should be sorry to see UNITY given up or submerged. Its chances of success (temporarily) are dimmed perhaps, by the rise of so many new ventures along our line. Consolidations will eventually come. If we can hold on two or three years more, the tide will set in our way."

A reader from the Catskills says:

"I am delighted that UNITY is to live on. Soon as I read your editorial in the last issue I determined to see what I could do, and so I send you eight dollars for new subscribers. . . . . The other papers are excellent, but there is a demand for yours, a paper that will apply, with perfect freedom, the basic principle of truth, righteousness and love to everything that concerns our social, moral, intellectual and religious life. Unity must help inaugurate that movement towards the organic union of all rational and faithful souls foreshadowed by the parliament of Religions shortly to be held in Chicago."

A pastor of an independent church in Illinois writes:

"Here's my dollar. I am pleased with your last issue in regard to what you intend to stand for. I will read it to my people and try to have them take the paper. I have already found my one, I am looking for others."

A woman minister in Michigan writes:

"UNITY must not stop. We will all take hold and help."

A faithful pastor in Wisconsin says:

"We have all noted, with interest, the change in the publishing company. Here are two new subscribers. I should be sadly bereaved to lose UNITY. It must not be. Its editorials have been my inspiration."

A young minister away to the southeastward writes:

"I have just received the last number of UNITY, and am greatly pleased that you purpose to continue the paper on the broad principles you announce. I hope to see the Unitarian church as a whole maintain the Catholic religious fellowship that you advocate. But whether or not any organized body makes the religion of UNITY its platform, the work must not flag, and I write to offer all the assistance to UNITY that I am at present able to proffer."

One of the leading women in a far out-west parish says:

"Send me a dozen copies of UNITY of March 2nd, and I will see if I cannot get as many subscribers. The success of our society, in a great measure, depends on its literature. We need UNITY as much as it needs us."

A teacher in Nebraska writes:

"I feel sorry to have you undertake the burden of responsibility of carrying the paper yourself, much as I should miss it were it taken from me. However you know best. Here come three dollars. One for myself, keep the other two dollars for any one you may wish to send UNITY to."

A Massachusetts pastor writes:

"Here are my two dollars. □ UNITY must be kept alive. I have read it from the start, and my files are complete. I rejoicein t he good work it has done."

A Grand Rapids man writes:

"Enclosed find two dollars, fifty cents. I am so pleased with UNITY that I conclude to subscribe for it for my niece who lives in Rochester."

An Eau Claire, Wisconsin, correspondent says:

"In response to your request of the second I send you the new subscriber. UNITY must not die. We need it in our business, and I, for one, feel confident that the new management will be a success. Will try to have members of our society invest in the stock."

A Mt. Morris subscriber says:

"Don't allow the paper to die. When I read your sermon on tobacco I quit smoking, and have not touched it since."

But this will do for the present. Space forbids further quotation. Bear with us. Help us, friends, and by the first of May we may be able to present a paper that will not shame us when you and all the world come to Chicago to see us.

The Under-World.

How petulant our Chicago people are about our broken-up streets. How much abuse do the newspapers pour upon these disturbers of the pavement. But how few stop to think how dependent we are upon this very "underground work." Take the "waterworks" the world over. What pathos and poetry, what gospel lessons there are in their story from the aqueducts of the ancient world to our own Chicago system. What does the water in which you bathed this morning, the water that made your coffee, the water that you drank, imply? What does the four-mile tunnel under our lake mean? The city treasurer may tell us how many dollars it has cost, but he cannot tell us how many lives it has cost, how many brains were cracked ere that triumph was possible. We hear much about the *mis*management of our water-works, but, oh, that we might have an apocalyptic vision of its *management*—how devout it would make us, how grateful we would become. The water we draw from the hydrant would become as sacred, the cup that holds it would be haloed with sentiment as tender, as was the water and the cup that the trusted followers of David brought him, at the risk of their lives, from the spring near the old home from which he was exiled; and well might we, like the chivalric chieftain of old, pour the water on the ground in sacred oblation. Poets have delighted to sing of the "mountain brook" and the "wayside spring,"—aye, even of

"The old oaken bucket that hangs in the well,"

but there is more poetry-material in the water drawn from the faucet in the poor man's cottage in the meanest street in Chicago than in any of these. There is more beauty, had we vision to see it, in the water that runs through the drinking-trough of the humane society for the refreshment of horse, man and dog on our streets, than in the spring in the woods; and if there is less poetry on the market about these water-ways than those, it is because our poets have not yet reached the spiritual heights that glorify the most splendid things in nature. Do you say *that* is natural and *this* artificial? What is more natural than art? Will we call the beaver's dam a product of nature, and refuse to recognize as much in our 'f our-mile tunnel"?

Half the surprise and more than half the joy and profit of a visit to the World's Fair next summer will be lost from an ignorance of *things underground.* Underneath the grassy lawns and flower-beds, underneath the walks and drives of this city of a summer, this show-place made to delight eye and ear, there lie, ready to serve the three-quarters of a million people that for six months will daily throng this garden of palaces, at least ten great systems of pipes and tubing, besides a great electric subway a mile and a half long, six feet six inches high, and the same width, through which one may walk as through a brillliantly lighted gallery. First, here is the great thirty-six inch main from the 68th St. water-works, ready to extinguish fire and thirst, to sprinkle the streets, water the lawns and wash the whole thing clean any time of day or night. Next is a system of springs a hundred and two miles long by human contrivance, reaching back how much farther than that no one can tell. This brings 50,000 gallons of Hygeia water a day from Waukesha, and any one afraid of the microbes in the ordinary lake water can get half a pint of it for a cent. The water travels these hundred and two miles through a six-inch pipe. The third is a system of pipes carrying the rain-water from the roofs into the lagoons. Another system carrying the ditch and surface water, too dirty for the lagoons, into catch basins, from which it is pumped into the lake. Fifth, the most approved sewerage system. By chemical treatment the fluids are robbed of their offensiveness and danger, and the solids are subsequently pressed into cakes and burned. Through another set of pipes flows the fuel oil to run the mighty banks of boilers in the power-houses, these pipes being laid from Lima, Ohio, over 200 miles distant. The seventh system of pipes brings natural gas 150 miles, from Greentown, Indiana, and the eighth, illuminating gas. The ninth are the steam pipes for heating and power, if needed, and the last of this network consists of sixty miles of six-inch pump-log, carrying from the sub-way the various electric wires for the telephone, telegraph, fire-alarm and police signal service. Then comes the great sub-way which carries to their destination 350,000 feet of fire-alarm and police signal wires, 850,000 feet of telephone cables, and 264 miles of wire for the arc-light, for the incandescent light, a half million feet of a larger and several million feet of a smaller size will be used. Surely Victor Hugo was right when he said that the triumphs of the engineer who carries successfully the sewer to its destination are higher than those of the general on the battle-field, and still how few of us take thought of our indebtedness to these human helpers.

Who has intelligence enough to appreciate the underground triumphs in Jackson Park? Only he who knows the seven and a half acres of electric exhibit from A to Z. It is only by knowing the story in full of Faraday, Franklin, Morse, Cyrus Field, Edison, Bell and the rest of them, that one can know what that sub-way means. But even we can grope after its meaning, and honor the men who have created it, for it is religious to pay our debts of honor and gratitude to those who have laid the foundation of our prosperity and culture underground.

Crude is the city that has no underground work. Small is the soul that has no hidden life. Go on and sing about the leaves, the blossoms and the fruit: but you are a cheap poet, you are wanting in vision, if you cannot follow these to their sources. The fibrous filaments in the dark underground that amid gravel and sand push deeper and still deeper after the hidden nourishment, the roots that abide there through summer drought and winter frost, they testify to the God that is in the under world, the divinity of sheol, the loving Father in hell.

"FOR three-quarters of a century of the history of the religious body with which I am identified", writes the Rev. Thomas Chalmers of the Disciples of Christ Church—one of the representatives at the coming Parliament of Religions—"our great aim has been Christian unity. This first Parliament of Religions seems to be the harbinger of a still larger religious fraternity—a fraternity that will combine into one world religion what is best, not in one alone, but in all of the great historic faiths. It may be that under the guidance of this larger hope we shall need to revise our phraseology and speak more of *religious* unity than of *Christian* unity." Is not this one of the "thoughts, like light, that bind the world in one," which George Eliot sings of?

Men and Things.

"Reproaching ourselves or others for pas mistakes is a useless cruelty. Lessons for wis well-doing in the future is the 'more excellen way.'"

People think there is nothing in a name, bu the bar of the saloon, the bar of the court, an the bars of the jail are very closely related.—*The Voice.*

New York city has started a training scho for firemen. This is in the line of chivalry Physical heroism is now displayed in the sav ing of life, not in the taking of it.

The papers say there is but one woman pre ident of a National Bank in the United State and her name is Mrs. Anna Moores of Moun Pleasant, Texas.

Seven new planets, all small, the largest o the ninth magnitude, were discovered durin January. Plenty of planets and things fo fresh surprises always on hand. What we nee is bigger and better eyes to discover them.

At the Board meeting of an orphan asylu recently held in this city, the following lette was read among other applications for childre suitable for adoption. People ought not to ex pect to have providence send to them, by th way of charity, finer products than that whic would have come to them through their ow natural channels of supply:

"An old lady with no children living, wishe a girl from eight to ten years of age. Dark o black hair and eyes, sound white teeth, ros cheeks, pretty shaped chin, full plump form bright and quick to learn books and work, lo ing disposition. Must not have catarrh or kid ney complaint or other chronic disease, wel formed, and not an Irish child."

An Alamosa, Cal., newspaper, in a birt notice printed in its columns the other da affords an interesting notion of the composit character of the great American people in th West. The child, whose advent in the Ho land colony was announced, is the first Dutc child born in the San Luis Valley. The birt notice was written by a Dane, put in type by Mormon, the proof read by an American, th type placed in the "form" by a German, an the paper printed by a Mexican. Somethin will yet come out of such a mixture. Americ is something other than a witch's cauldron.

The following from the *Weekly Review* pro ises a time when one can go to Europe witho feeling that he buys the pleasure at such a bi ter cost of human comfort and human life:

The Austrian engineer Werner has patente an invention which bids fair to turn the labo of a stoker, or steamboat fireman, from th hardest, ugliest, and most unhealthy sort o toil into a mere child's play occupation. H plan consists in pulverizing bituminous co and feeding it to the furnaces by means of pear-shaped "distributor," self-acting, unde ordinary circumstances, but withal amenab to the control of the operator. Experimen have proved that coal-dust, poured into strong blaze, will burn almost without a resi uum. There will be no raking of ashes an clinkers, next to no smoke, and the apparat can be worked without approaching the had of the furnace door.

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* giv us the following remarkable prayer which d serves to rank with Irwin Russell's classic pra er found in his "Christmas Night in the Qua ters," for its blending of the grotesque an the pathetic; the tender and humorous:

A teacher in one of our schools of the co ored people in the South was about to go awa for a season, on account of failing health. reception was tendered her by the parents some of her pupils, together with members the church. Just before parting, an old neg poured out his soul in prayer for the belov teacher. He said: "Blessed God, go afore h as a leadin' light, and behind her as a protec in' angel. Rough shod her feet wid de prepa ation ob de gospel ob peace. Nail her ear de gospel pole. Gib her de eye ob de eagl dat she spy out sin far off. Wax her hand de gospel plow. Tie her tongue to de line truf. Keep her feet in de narrer way, an' h soul in de channel ob faith. Please, dear Lor bring her back to our dear child's, an' to 'ere school. Be wid her as she bows her kne in some lonesome valley where prayer an' su plication is much wanted to be made. Hed an' ditch about her, good Lord, an' keep her de strait an' narrer way dat leads to glory a to heaven."

From a careful and continued series of e periments made in Europe, it has been fou that the ordinary and bituminous coal dep ciates nearly one-third in weight, and near one-half is gas-making properties, after lo exposure.—*Age of Steel.*

Sea fowl's eggs have one remarkable peculi ity, they are nearly conical in form, broad the base and sharp at the point, so that th will only roll in a circle. They are laid on t bare edges of high rocks, from which th would almost surely roll off save for this hap provision of nature.—*Denver Great Divide.*

Young Mothe rs

should early learn the necessity of keeping on hand supply of Gail Bolden Eagle Brand Condensed M for nursing babies as well as for general cooking has stood the tests for 30 years. Your Grocer Druggist sell it.

Contributed and Selected.

Snowdrop.

Thou white sweet flower, so brave despite thy frailness,
Coming while snow wraps patient frozen fields,
And with thy little life (one breath of gladness)
Like dove of old, a herald and a shield
To later timid blossoms, shy at coming,
Who venture not till wooed by kiss of sun:
Thou givest to gloom of winter bright suggestion
Of radiant bloom and stirring life begun.
Thou mindst me of a little life soon ended
Which fluttered to this world so cold and gray,
And lingering here but for a brief sweet moment,
Gave earthly thoughts a light from Heaven's day.

FRANCES ORIATT LEWIS.

More Realism not Less.

Who can foresee or measure, the limits or power, of the novel in the future of literature as an inspiration and education? More and more, in its higher form and use it is becoming the prophet and teacher of advancing theology, science, art and philosophy. But as we read the novels of many of those counted the great masters, the prophets and priests of modern Realism, in weariness and mental hunger we cry, where is their gospel of good tidings, the Revelation of strength and peace of soul? The realism of vanity and vexation, of ennui and woe, of pain and defeat abounds. Now this is surely true to life in part, but is this all?

Is there no Realism of beauty and delight, of peace and gladness, a wealth of living that is the higher reality of the soul's triumph through and over weariness, pain and vanity? Consider the Realism of that grandest book of poetry and philosophy in the Bible. It is a part of the immortal literature of the world because it is so true to the soul of man.

The Job ends not in vanity, pain and defeat; all this experience of life only moves, and ministers to the immortal man's victory, for the end is a triumph of strength, of peace and boundless wealth of days. The Christ is a tragedy of life, but it fulfils itself as a victory in deep peace and lofty content of spirit.

Vanity and weariness, defeat and despair are very real as to our human lives in this world. He is surely a great master of art in literature who can give most perfect voice and image of even this. But this at best or worst is not of the higher part of life. If literature, if the novel ends here, is it not narrow and poor even as art? What should we say of that botany which confined itself to the facts and laws of the root form and life of plants? It might be a great science, very true and and realistic so far, but how narrowly limited and poor so long as it is ignorant of, or rejects the great upper world and the life of grasses, trees and flowers. For just this higher form and life in trunk, branches, leaves, flowers and fruit is the truer fact and Realism of the plant.

Now modern realism in the novels of many of the great masters of to-day seems to be little more than the voice and image of the underground part of humanity, only our root existence, while the grand and beautiful facts, the hopes, love and strivings, that rise as the unfolding leaves, flowers and fruits of our lives, promising immortal harvests of rich and joyful being, are forgotten or ignored as too fleeting and ideal for realism and art. How long ere we shall learn that the loftier the ideal the more its reality. Nothing more fleeting and perishable than base human hopes, loves and strivings, while the ideal, the vision of the great poet and artist, lives more and more through the centuries, simply because it more grasps and reveals the eternally real.

The drudgery, the corruptions, the vanities and disappointments of this world we know full well. We need not to be constantly reminded of such facts lest we grow careless and forget. Do we not rather need to be shown and taught of the vision and knowledge, of that light and power to be won through and over such life experience, that we may live more and more transforming it into hopeful, noble endeavor, which yields the best content and peace of days. Of all men, most miserable is he who sees and knows no new faith, new hope, being born out of old and dying ones. For there is a life of the soul in hope and aspiration, in love and striving, that immortally stands upon all ills and losses of the world, and ever rises toward the new and better. Faith and hope in the soul of man is eternally stronger than defeat. Heavenly aspirations are born and grown from hell even. Love and noble helpfulness rise purer and stronger from pain and weariness; peace comes with life richer and fuller through long warfare.

Let us have more and more, then, the religion, science, art and philosophy of this ideal in our literature, in our novels; then they will be more truly real to the most and best of life, true to that higher realism of beauty and joy and loving helpfulness that abides and is strong in immortal youth and growth when the lower realism of vanity, ills and defeats pass and are forgotten in decay and death.

W. A. CRAM.

The Bond of Human Sympathy.

"The age needs heart—'tis tired of head."

Just before the dawn of the new century which will so soon send its rising beams around us, the clouds of poverty, sin and ignorance seem to darken, and the Pulpit and the Press vie with each other in earnest efforts to lighten the clouds and avert the imminent storms. That this is needful the sad histories brought to light in one edition of a daily newspaper prove very clearly.

In the same newspaper, however, we read the records of gifts bestowed for educational purposes, dinners given to poor children, hospitals endowed, and long lists of deeds of brotherly kindness. Surely the world must be growing better:

"Through the harsh noises of our day
A low sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear."

But to an earnest reformer the better times seem to come but slowly; to him it seems a fearful waste of time that bishops and preachers should *ever* spend their spiritual and intellectual efforts in discussing future retribution, or in trying one derelict brother for "heresy" when all around them poor souls are undergoing sufferings worse than the pains of the "hell" they are trying to maintain in their narrow creeds. While these tedious religious conflicts may sometimes serve to show more clearly the clear bright rays of truth still flashing out from the driftwood of ages heaped high upon it, it will always seem a sad throwing away of God-given talents to waste so much precious time and thought upon the mere letter of religion, when the real life-work is, making such striking demands. Thank God, men and women are meeting these demands more and more all over our land, but a great majority of respectable well-to-do people are jogging along in their every-day ruts, never realizing for a moment that they are sinning against the Law of God and of Nature when they look upon themselves as creatures of nobler birth than some of those who have been more unfortunate in their environments, and they shut their hearts and their purses tight against all sympathetic demands.

An intelligent young man said to me the other day: "I have no sympathy with the *common people*," himself not rich, but possessed of educational advantages and mental endowments above the average. Who gave him the right to set himself upon a pinnacle where he could look down upon the "common people"? Who gave him the right to call himself uncommon? Could he honestly claim the name of "Christian" with a spirit so un-Christ-like? What we need more than all other reforms is a powerful revival of brotherly kindness expressed in loving deeds. The class-spirit, the feeling "I am better than thou" must be put down forever.

Sympathy and love are as eagerly longed for among the poorer ones of Earth as the gift of money, and the "problem of poverty" would be more easily solved if we would oftener act from our sympathetic impulses than from the promptings of suspicion and distrust.

It may be said that this is all sentiment and cannot be brought to practical use. After years of work among the needy and careful study of the subject, the fact is strongly brought to my mind that the demand for sympathetic help is increasing; that we all must acknowledge the common bond of humanity. Does not the betrayed ignorant young girl suffer as much as in the pain and peril of childbirth, as the carefully tended, loved and petted young wife and mother in her like ordeal,—and does she not have the same craving for tenderness and a motherly touch or encouraging word? Her sufferings have made her heart receptive to all kind influences and if the helping hand is given at this critical moment, a noble woman's life may be saved to the world; but alas, how often for her sin and ignorance, she is *cast out* utterly, from all pure life, made to feel that her sin is unpardonable, her redemption hopeless, and without home or one single friend, she is doomed to that hell on earth known only to an abandoned woman. How is it with the life she has brought into existence? Is not his little page of the Book of Life as pure and unsoiled when he opens his bright innocent eyes to the world, as that of the other little soul born of the more fortunate wife and mother? His life may mean much more to Earth and be well worth saving. Very many bright diamonds of humanity have been rudely polished at first, but the light *will* shine out and the setting will be at last won which is worthy of the gem.

In answer to the question,—What can we do about it all? how can we save these diamonds in the rough?—I would say, "Do the next thing." "Cultivate a sympathetic heart," and *don't* discourage the faintest symptom of charitable impulse in your neighbor, but fan the spark until it becomes an ever-burning flame.

Other souls who particularly need our sympathy are those who, in the turmoil and drudgery of the every-day struggle for a living for their families, are starving a passionate longing for a higher life in music, art or literature, with but the slightest chance for gratifying this longing. It is often found most unexpectedly in our nearest neighbors.

A little Danish woman in our town, of more than ordinary intelligence, had seen very rough weather in her life voyage. Her husband, a railroad engineer being instantly killed in an accident, she was left in a strange land with no relatives but her own little ones near her. Dependent on her own exertions, she bravely took up her life work, dress-making. After losing all her children but one little girl, and passing through other vicissitudes, she finally found a peaceful calm in making a home for her precious little girl and her earnings were devoted to making this home beautiful and to educating her child, especially in music. Her father's relatives in Denmark were natural musicians and the love of music was inherited by this little American daughter. Even this brave woman was not left unmolested in the enjoyment of her hardly earned *peace*, but was reproved by her rich patrons for her extravagance in letting her daughter study music, and also told that they thought it strange that she, a poor dressmaker, would want to live in such a pretty little home. As I listened to the story told with flashing eyes and indignant tone by this proud-spirited Danish woman, I thought "who is *noble* in this case? and who the "common people"?

These are the women who, while gratifying their luxurious love for diamonds and sealskin coats, will haunt the bargain counters filled with ready-made undergarments, made under the sweating system,—the system, which when investigated, shows such a pitiful state of human trade. These snowy garments tell us of weary nights of stitching, of hopeless days of toil, by women and little girls whose only hope of salvation from a life of shame comes from the scant prices which are paid them for this work. Let us insist, by paying fair prices for our garments, that these women, whose lives are being literally crushed out of them, shall be more adequately paid for their day's work.

The time is coming fast when this bond of human sympathy will strengthen, when all men and women will recognize in each other a brother and a friend; when no environment of luxury or riches, will prevent us from seeing the need of the mass of struggling humanity.

Sidney Lanier in his exquisite "Symphony" of verse, catches the tone not only of the saddest strains of life, but of the soft sweet voice of Love which will eventually make harmony of our now discordant Human Life:

"All for love" the violins cried:
So, Nature calls through all her systems wide,
Give me thy love, O man, so long denied.
Much time is run, and man hath changed his ways,
Since Nature, in the antique fable-days,
Was hid from man's true love by proxy fays,
False fauns and rascal gods that stole her praise.
The nymphs, cold creatures of man's colder brain,
Chilled Nature's streams till man's warm heart was fain
Never to lave its love in them again.
Later, a sweet Voice *Love thy neighbor* said;
Then first the bounds of neighborhood outspread
Beyond all confines of old ethnic dread.
Vainly the Jew might wag his covenant head:
"*All men are neighbors,*" so the sweet Voice said."

ELLA REEVE WARE.

Woodbury N. J.

Martyrs of Liberty.

Humanity, for thee,
And for thy liberty,
Our legions plead.
Now be old error's chain
Forever broke in twain;
Our hope prove not in vain,
For thine and thee.

An altar new, to thee
We raise, oh, Liberty;
Our incense burn.
The dark things past away,
New life ris'n from decay
Shall crown with endless day,
Our righteous cause.

Martyrs of Liberty,
Our fathers! unto ye
We bless this day!
Let truth and love prevail,
Nor strength nor courage fail,
Till we the bright day hail
When truth shall reign.—*Adapted, and sung by the Ethical Culture Society of Chicago, at a commemoration service held in honor of the Martyrs of Liberty.*

Church Door Pulpit.

The Doctrines of Involution and Evolution Critically Considered.

BY J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

Think of the universe evolving from a germinal vesicle, and then Saint Augustine's remark about getting the ocean into a small cup is easily understood. Perhaps the difficulty of making the theory of evolution explain all the facts and phenomena of life, arose from the assumption of biologists that evolution is not only the method or law of the universe but that it accounted for its origin. No one can believe unless the facts in the case are irresistible, that even the galaxy, much more the millions of galaxies which make up the universe, sprung from nothing or from a mere particle of protoplasm. There is the reasonable belief that the greater part of that which is called the universe was not in protoplasm only, as it may be argued the chicken is potential in the egg, but that outside of it, sweeping about and conditioning it, was the spirit which accounted not only for what protoplasm was, for what it became, but to what it led. The Tiny bit of protoplasm, if such is to be admitted into the formula of creation, plus the spirit, which theists term God (and protoplasm belongs to God) which stirred in it and acted upon it, is identical with the present universe. God and the universe are here a unity. Perhaps it may be found that this assumption is a premise the very conclusion of which in the argument may be fortified by facts. It is not here denied that God could not evolve out of the germinal vesicle the present order of things, for God plus the germinal vesicle have in them the potentialities of the universe. It is here questioned whether the isolated vesicle could create itself or could in and by itself produce all which it is alleged it has produced, just as one may question how the bird's egg could, in the first place, be hatched by itself and in the second place could, out of itself, evolve the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms. It is true that neither Charles Darwin, Herbert Spencer nor Alfred Wallace claim this, yet such is the atheism of evolution and the creation theory, as scientifically and theologically elaborated that whether Darwin or the bible be followed, the one beginning with this molluscuous substance called protoplasm, and the other with nothing but chaos, darkness and Jehova brooding over it, the idea is, that the universe came about without God entering into and becoming of it and the life of it. Here then let the statement be made that whatever may be the method or law of the development of the universe, the universe is what it is, not because it sprung out of nothing by the fiat of God as the bible has it, nor because it developed out of protoplasm only as science affirms, but perhaps altogether, because whatever was its beginning and source it started with and because of God and whatever may be its finality, God is its law and destiny.

What is true now of the universe was true then: God is infinite, space being the presence of God, the distance God covers with himself, for all space is occupied space. God is omnipotent, all the power there is in the universe being an attribute of God, giving the totality of the power of God. Also, God is complete benevolence, every atom and world and galaxy spins in and by love. God is omniscient, all relations are perfect, no error or evil in the universe.

Two words must here be explained, the words progress and evil, for upon these two words hang systems of theology and ethics. Both words have been coined to denote and explain certain profound mysteries, both have grown up about and around certain primitive conceptions of the law, nature and method of the universe. Although dissimilar in definition they are in fact very similar, in that they both represent two different conceptions of the same phenomena. They refer to theories of one and the same mystery. Neither words mean what they originally imply when applied to the doctrine of pantheism as here partially set forth. Evil may be possible under the old theological regime where the devil as the coequal of God is the orign of it, and where man, endowed with free will, has the prerogative to side with either alleged deity. Progress as explained by evolutionists may be possible where animal creation has in itself the promise of and capability for expansion and perfection. Suppose, however, if what is called *evil*, is the *result of the method* and what is called *progress*, is *the method of God as seen in God as differentiated and particularized in* the universe. It is the opinion of scientists that the material universe is fated motion,—motion spun and determined uniformily forever and ever, and that animal creation, especially man, is endowed with a larger allowance of freedom of activity as is illustrated in the easier movement of gases as compared with the solids; yet, still possessing and being conditioned by the same unchangeable, infinite, omnipotent, omniscient and perfectly benevolent God. In matter, this motion is not supposed to be conscious while in the animal creation it rises into a form self determining spirit or conscious personality.

Herbert Spencer, in his work on "Social Statics" writes in explanation of evil that it results from the non-adaptation of constitution to environment. Evil as theologically considered has usually been associated with the will and is said to be produced when there occurs a personal voluntary disobedience of the moral law. Spencer's definition seems more to the point. How, it may be asked, has evil arisen or this non-adaptation of constitution to environment? It can be easily seen that evil is not possible to God for the universe is himself and what occurs in the universe occurs because it is God; yet there is or there seems to be, a non-adaptibility of the creature to the creator, of the part to the whole of being. If not then why any evidence to the contrary as pain? The existence of pain in the universe and the apparent persistency of it, gave rise to the doctrine of pessimism and to the despair which pervades the logic of John Stewart Mill's philosophy when he argues the injustice of nature. Civilization and all which it sets forth he maintains is a departure from nature—is an infringement of the injunction to follow her. He sees no relief from pain, no remedy for poverty, no anchor to the soul that looks into space for repose. On the contrary, evil as he understands it, instead of tending constantly to disappear, as Herbert Spencer eloquently reasons, grows in power, infesting, blasting, paralyzing and rottening nearly every thing it touches; only death furnishing relief in oblivion and annihilation to the agonizing, Godless, despairing human vagabond man who, cheating himself into hoping for peace, must take as his portion of revenge that which like prussic acid, eats into and consumes him.

Assuming that the universe is God and that the parts of the universe are the parts of God, and even that these parts are perfectly related to each other and to God, for it is here maintained that there is no evil or error in the universe, the prevalent and existing state of things may admit of an explanation. One man is not humanity yet what human nature is essentially in humanity it is in one man.

The power, love, wisdom, in short, the spirit of one man added to the power, love, wisdom and the spirit of the rest of humanity, would give all there is of these qualities in the human race. Suppose this reasoning were so extended, as it might consistently be, to include all of these qualities there are in the universe. We should have, then, all that there is of them in the universe or the totality of them in God. Now, in reality, what Herbert Spencer calls the non-adaptation of constitution to environment and he refers to plant, animal and man, and what the theologian calls the disobedience to the moral law, is, after all, not something which hints at the imperfect or an error as Spencer consistently argues, nor altogether as theology assumes, but the circumstance and condition of its being; not therefore, something which is to be deplored, condemned and shunned as if it could be obviated or from which one might escape that which *must* happen because God is at the basis and is the reason of it. For a simple illustration, take a child ten years of age developing its mind by the process of public school education. In the first, second and third grades, it enters upon certain planes of work and study and a successful mastery of the facts as revealed by the studies in these planes condition the child's mental ability, capacity and qualification for growing up into an understanding and mastery of succeeding planes as those which introduce studies such as higher mathematics, chemistry, philosophy. There is no way of procuring the ability to reach forward toward ultimate knowledge except by the natural method here shown, although the story may be mentioned of the girl who went away to a seminary to be educated, but whose mother, after the daughter had been in the school a month, received a very plain but polite letter from the president of the seminary, stating that her daughter Alice lacked capacity to go on with the studies. "Oh, if that is all that Alice lacks," wrote back the fond mother, "I shall get her some capacity when I go to New York." What might here be explained as the apparent error of the child's thinking was the wanton or truant disposition of the child in shirking its work, thus failing for the time to master the books assigned to it, and thus retarding its intellectual progress; yet this very indisposition may be, nay, it is oftentimes as human experience proves, the severest, most radical, yet the best discipline which could possibly happen to the impetuous child. For as the apple which nature threw at Newton's feet proved to bea coy invitation to follow her to the stars, so these apparent miscarriages of purpose prove always to be foundations upon or in spite of which the worth, fame and glory of an Emerson and a Franklin rise. Or to show the part so-called evil may play in a child's destiny one could see how such prodigality of and indifference to the intellectual life might, through willfulness and idleness, cause the child to form habits which would lead to what is understood by the word sin and how by this sin, the child might be compelled to go through a long category of vices before it would become what may here be called pure gold, the alloy, so to speak, burned or eaten away by the fire and acid of the process through which the personality passed. It may consistently be said that the conduct of the child proved the means which developed the destiny of the child, just as it is said that the winter snows, March winds and April showers help to prepare and condition the air and the soil for the growth and ripening of the flowers and the fruit. It is not meant that one may always know what he should do under any or all conditions, for it was Henry Ward Beecher who said that every man may have his price, meaning that what is or is not a temptation for one, may or may not be a temptation to another as the temptation offers much gain or little; yet perhaps there are those who would act faultlessly and honorably at all times. This is the thought that were man endowed with prescience, he would know how to act in the present so that the future would find him nearer to, if not at one with, his ideal and destiny. Not that man is not at all times as near as he can be to his destiny, as a green apple on the tree is as near to the ripened fruit as it can seasonably be, for he is always as near to his own although comparatively he may not be as near to another one's destiny, but by knowing absolutely what he must be, he could so much the more easily develop and shape his life accordingly. This seems to be and is the burden and severity of human fatality. This position will be objected to on the ground that the doctrine of abandon is sanctioned in that a child is thus licensed and allowed to follow out its caprices and vanities irrespective of results or of the good which is to be attained by proper, intellectual and moral training. This does not necessarily follow. Herein lies the egoism of human nature, as the question suggests, for can God do less and mean less by what he does than we mean by our methods and providences; and is there any parent who really knows not only just what his children are to be, but how, and by what means, they are to become what the universe intended? Is it not true that all that any one of us can do, is to put them in the way of being useful to themselves and mankind, and yet, in spite of all that we may do, children take the law and kingdom into their own hands and sometimes the kingdom and throne are desolated, and as often dazzled and glorified by their personality which fills it! Yet after all has been done that could be done, Louis Grieve, as Mrs. Humphry Ward shows thrusts a dagger into her heart as a seeming finality, while David Grieve, in a paroxyom of despair, with soul life deadened and drugged by absinthe, falls into God's hands as put forth by his brother man, Doctor Ancrum. It seems to be a fact that the working out of the problem of human destiny is not and cannot be, in process and scope, exactly like the adding up of two threes in arithmetic, for although in this simple problem in addition there is but one way to the answer, in the problem of human destiny, there is a different application of means to every individual man, yet a means touching and arising in the same universal law which impartially and beneficently governs the destiny of all creation. Why should it be demanded that man should grow or develop himself as a bible or any school of men should determine, and that the church by means of some so-called historical cult or theological system, should exercise the authority to prescribe and coerce man into accepting their formula to destiny, as if God were not able to do all and the best which could be done for his creation. There is no *reductio ad absurdum* so patent as that specious theology which seeks to put God into some dogma by the sumptuary process of which his soul's salvation is permanently secured. Man needs human help, yet he need not feel nor should society insist that the only way to perfection is by mounting upward on its step-ladder. Let man go, if he desires, as far up as it may take him, but let society under-

nd that no such ladder ever went her than the head. In every ex- ncy the universe comes to the aid man! And this is what is meant the use of the words, *circumstance l condition.* God has no small asures whereby he destinates man. is in all and of all and guarding as Professor Green of Oxford has own. All that is done for man is at God is doing for himself—for n is that part of God put into the man, without which God would not the universe nor the universe God. e idea is as Paul put it, "in Him live and move and have our be- ;" for by so much as what God we are what we are. Enter- into our homes and abiding by firesides is God who fills all things h himself, and it is not merely cy to say that that child who es us so much pain God takes and es it, and when we fail to make it at we wish it to be and give it up ever, he the Eternal, like the good epherd who went forth onto the ak and thunder-riven mountain to d the sheep that was lost, watches d guards it and when its egoism is pended and its temper is softened his will, he takes it to his bosom ere it finds and obtains repose. e, then, how the total love of God ls and envelopes the finite human e, and how man errs who will not st the universe and is afraid of the ht, the tempest and this awful, sterious yet lovable presence in ich he lives. Where else is man's ief but in this philosophy? What s he gained by atheism and in- elity but despair?

Perhaps this thing which man has led evil will be explained and done ay with by the higher meaning and e of the word progress. The word ogress means by derivation going ward. As touching the human irit and consequently the human rsonality, it means the extension the individual consciousness. It the feeling and knowing and being that it is possible for the individual- d spirit to attain or receive. As e galaxy is lit by and gives light be- use of the sun, so man receives all at God can give him. When a man ly progresses he puts his conscious- ss, so to speak, over many minds d personalities and not only knows at they know, which is intellectual ogress, but puts such knowledge o his conduct. Now it will be ked why this progress, if as has al- ady been maintained, man is a part God. By the inherent law of being e part is drawn or attracted forever the sum of the parts or the greater rts outside of itself. This is the olecular as it is the spiritual law. is is one of the reasons why as a cial creature man craves society d is drawn to it. Hence the phe- mena of the family and of the city. an knows that with all the wisdom ich he possesses, together with all at mankind possesses, he could be ost happy, and so he, by the very ture of being, is a seeker after God. d what is true of him as to owledge is true of him as to power d benevolence. With all the wis- m, benevolence and power there is mankind, he could be, relatively eaking, an ideal man, for these ree attributes equally distributed in an might produce such a human eam. As God is therefore the ality of all these fine attributes for ich he yearns, we find man in all es growing up, as evolution and story show, from the savage into e perfect type of man apprehending e law and significance of God in the alization of a perfected humanity, d knowing that perfect happiness can ly come when such a final state of stiny is reached. It is really a matter every day experience that as man proaches nearer to this ideal state, both in knowledge, understanding, power and conduct, he becomes a witness to the reality of this joy and he is assured that it has no substitutes which are not counterfeits, which as belonging to Cæsar they must be rendered to him again. He discovers that pleasure, sweet but not lasting, and delightful as far as it goes, is but the shadow of the joy which he will receive by getting close to and partaking of the reality of things, and that he misses much when banishing himself or being banished by his egoism from his beloved Eden, he madly rushes into the desert to perish, rather than turn his face heavenward to the promised land in store for him. And what man, or class of men, are in a more pitiable condition than those who rush after the mirage of the desert and thus by a necessary but weary fatality are blinding their eyes with desert sand, are filling themselves up with husks and thistles, and are trying to extract bread from stones and fish from serpents? Yet progress means that such personality, if it would know and understand God, must not and cannot, without taking the risk of pain, do it as a part isolated from and out of harmony with its perfect relation to God, but it must come into the realization of its unity by the method thus preordained and abide in and by it. The question is not can man escape pain but how can he reach self-perfection, and if such attainment can be gotten at all by pain, then why shirk from the struggle since pain leads to the aeonian and permanent joy. What man is there then who ought not to be and who would not be willing to give his life for the consciousness of all of life, his joy for the consciousness of all joy, his being for the consciousness of God, just as he is willing to give one dollar for the use and possession of all the money there is in the world. A stupendous undertaking to be sure, for God to busy us with, and one the scope of which we cannot grasp, yet the miracle is going on before our eyes as beautifully and silently as the grub worm in the crysalis is being transformed into the butterfly. No bud swells on the bough of the tree or blade of grass shoots its green shaft into the light, but illustrates the power, the wonder and the beauty of the same God who, in man, is growing the angel. The process of evolution may be a long one but it is inevitable, and slowly the clay will be shaped and the angel will vivify it as God has appointed. Said George Mac Donald as he thought of the problem of human destiny, "Shall it take less time to make a woman than to make a world—is not the woman the greater–she may have her ages of chaos, her centuries of crawling slime, yet rise a woman at last." Humanity is ripening as fast as it can and man must not grow impatient if the soul foundations must be firmly established before the kingdom will come and the throne and king appear in the glory of sovereignty. There is and can be nothing intrinsically bad, of and in being which must be destroyed, nothing to burn away and reduce to waste as alloy, no total depravity and no devil to precipitate into outer darkness and oblivion! Only this is to be done, the part is to rise into a unity with the whole being of God. Is not the universe able to touch the part on every side so that it will move serenely and as softly as day to the sea of light, power and love, which already controls it and which lies awaiting it as the Atlantic awaits the water from the rivers which pour into it.

Nor should personality be annihilated or absorbed in the process of ingathering. Is H_2O or one molecule of water less in the Atlantic ocean than it is in the rivers which flow into it, and is not the one identical with the other? The sceptic who doubts that the part can rise to such glory, has but to observe how the deep sea fauna the most of them eyeless existing a mile and more beneath the level of the sea, receive their nourishment from the deep and great courses of the swift currents which carry it, as it were in their bosoms, for these hungry millions of life. If such providence is possible with the least why not such wisdon with the greatest type of soul life?

This is what progress means, and this is the end to which it leads, evil, so-called, becoming in God the exhibition of the method by which he is gathering up himself into harvest, the method of attaining destiny, as exact and sure as the instance of the transit of the sun's center over the meridian is the indicator of twelve o'clock and shows the growth of the day.

The question of the freedom of the human will may here arise and may challenge all this generalization. The question of the freedom of the human will is a question altogether as to the office and use of it, and these determine its limitation! What freedom is there for man, it may be asked, which is really greater and more delicious than the freedom of living and moving and having his being in God, and as a part—the human part—having such freedom only as the part could contain, use and enjoy? There is a sort of wicked gayety and fascination in the thought of possessing the power of having one's own way in the world, of believing that one is doing everything that is done beautifully himself, that the doctrine which throws the burden of responsibility upon God seems to take away altogether the feeling of personal interest to which so many have become attached, and leaves the man in a mental state of bewilderment as to where he stands and what he is to do in the universe. Man has all the freedom that it is possible for him to have! He can use it, but he must go forward and there is no question about it, exactly and forever as God goes forward. Man's freedom and duty are defined and limited by the intent of his being, and hence he can never escape the means to his destiny. He has no alternative. The old idea of personal freedom is a false concept not only of the province or natural causation and the law of being, but of the facts of human experience. For the will to be totally free it must be more than God, for any life less than God is controlled and fated by it. Conduct is not something outside of and not involved in God but, as a path leading across a field, is a part of the field, so it is an expression of the will and being of God, indicating it and illustrating the course which the part travels, as it might be said a comet travels, in its journey to the greater power and spirit controlling and shaping it.

These appear to be then the threads which the doctrine of evolution puts into our hands, when it is made to account for intellect, heart, conscience, progress, evil conduct, literature, history and civilization, and they are hints of what is to follow and develop here and hereafter as the spirit of God gathers them up and perfects the design. There is nothing outside of God, for God is involved in this evolution going on everywhere, and it is God that is transforming everything about us. As the New Testament put it—"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings and not one of them is forgotten in the sight of God—but the very hairs of your head are numbered." God enters into and is particularized to everything in the universe. If all this universe and the development which has been going on as Darwin has shown in his books, and is still going on as Professor Wallace believes in the spiritualizing or perfecting of mankind, is God, then how can there be any death in the universe? There may be changes, transformations, but no death. Everything is alive in and to God, immortality is God's age, which is eternity. Death is explained by life, not life by death, and hence what appears to be death is motion carrying the personality from its periodicity or fatality of present being, into the further and more perfect manifestation of itself as explained by its progress.

Take courage, then, O man, and be not heart-broken because of the past nor fearful of the inexorable demands of the present nor doubtful of the future in time or eternity, for we are cycling in the rythmic current of God and he will bear us to the light. In his might, wisdom and love, man is glorified and becomes like him. The end is nothing short of this. T. L. Molloy expressed this thought in his poem in Temple Bar.—

"A gun is heard, at the dead of night
  'Life boat ready!'
And every man to the signal true
  Fights for place in the eager crew:
'Now, lads, steady!'
  First a glance at the shuddering foam,
Now a look at the loving home,
  Then together, with bated breath,
They launch their boat in the gulf of death.
  Over the breakers wild,
Little they reck of weather,
  But tear their way
Through blinding spray,
  Hear the skipper cheer and say,
'Up with her, lads, and lift her,
  All together!'

  They see the ship in a sudden flash
Sinking ever;
  And grip their oars with a deeper breath,
Now it's come to a fight with death;
  Now or never!
Fifty strokes and they're at her side,
  If they live in the boiling tide.
If they last through the awful strife;
  Ah, my lads, it's a race for life!
Over the breakers wild,
  Little they reck of weather,
But tear their way
  Through blinding spray.
Hear the skipper cheer, and say,
  'Up with her, lads, and lift her,
All together!'

  And loving hearts are on the shore,
Hoping, fearing;
  Till over the sea there comes a cheer,
Then the click of the oars you hear
  Homeward steering.
Ne'er a thought of the danger past,
  Now the lads are on the land at last;
What's a storm to a gallant crew
  Who race for life, and who win it, too?
Over the breakers wild,
  Little they reck of the weather,
But tear their way
  Through blinding spray,
Hear the skipper cheer and say,
  'Up with her, lads, and lift her
All together.!' "

So God in man is lifting us all up together to himself.

Divine Love.

The world is led by unseen power
  Through darkness fear and light:
Man's destiny is not obscure;
  For God in man is right.

The inner life indeed reveals
  The spirit's sovereignty.
In every storm, in error, sin,
  Is God's divinity;

A deeper love than earthly love,
  Stirs in the human soul.
It lights the stars, it rules the sea,
  It reigns from pole to pole.

O brother, live for it alone,
  Nor be deceived by fate;
For fate is God and God is love,
  And love is heaven's gate!

J. C. F. Grumbine.

"Heaven's gate is shut to him
  Who comes alone;
Save thou a soul, and it
  Shall save thy own!

—*Whittier.*

Beecham's Pills for a bad liver.

Notes from the Field.

Chicago.—A meeting of the Directors of the Western Unitarian Conference was held at the headquarters Tuesday afternoon, March 7, President Shorey in the chair. Present, Messrs. Shorey, Blake, Effinger, Fenn, Gould, Hosmer, Jones, Van Inwagen, West, and Mrs. Woolley: Mr. Milsted was also present by invitation of the Secretary. Records of last meeting read and approved. Treasurer Leonard, unable to be present, sent in his monthly statement; also report of Endowment Fund to date and asking for instruction as to sending the usual annual reminders to subscribers to said Fund. On motion of Mr. Effinger this matter was referred to the Executive Committee with power to act. The Treasurer also reported a claim recently presented for expenses incurred in attending the A. U. A. meetings in Boston, 1890, by a delegate of the Conference; referred to the Executive Committee to report at next meeting.

The committee upon the program of the annual meeting reported progress. Rev. S. M. Crothers will preach the opening sermon. The time of the Conference meetings was fixed for May 16-18. The tentative program was discussed. On motion of Mr. Van Inwagen it was voted that the following note should appear upon the printed program of the annual meetings:

"The Secretary has received official information from some members of the Conference that the Resolution, supplementary to the Cincinnati Resolution, passed at the last meeting of the Conference, will be brought up for further consideration during the coming meeting, and the Business Committee will provide a suitable time for it."

Mr. Gould reported upon the space secured for the Unitarian exhibit at the World's Fair, also letters received by him from Secretary Reynolds of the A. U. A. and President Horton, of the S. Sch. Society, expressing the hearty co-operation of their respective organizations in the exhibit. On motion of Mr. Jones it was voted that this Board endorses the plan of a World's Fair exhibit and will bear its just share in the expense involved.

The Secretary called attention of the Board to the need of some refitting and refurnishing of the headquarters, in connection with the additional room. Mrs. Woolley (of All Souls Church) was appointed chairman of a committee of four ladies, three to be selected by herself from the other three churches of the city, to solicit gifts of money for this special purpose. Adjourned.—*F. L. Hosmer, Sec'y.*

Chicago.—Society for Ethical Culture—On Sunday March the 5th this Society held a service that was somewhat special in character. It was "In Memory of the martyrs of the Liberal Faith," and singing by the congregation was one of its features,—an innovation that was attempted in a somewhat different way several years ago without success. The printed slips containing program and the words of the two hymns were headed by this question of George Elliot's: "What is martyrdom but death—defying utterance of belief?" which was the keynote for the lecture. The first hymn was an "adapted" one, sung to the tune of America:

"Humanity, for thee,
And for thy liberty,
Our legions plead etc.."

The second hymn was Whittier's, "O, sometimes gleams upon our sight," sung to the tune, Old Hundred (quick time).

Mr. Mangasarian's lecture came between the two hymns, and after his opening, which touched upon integrity of thought and speech: upon the value of those who had stood firmly for freedom even in the face of death, thus making our freedom of to-day possible; upon an unprejudiced judgment of persecuted and persecutors, with full allowance for the times in which they lived and with no undue intolerance for the persecutors even while fully appreciating the worth of these martyrs of the liberal faith,—the speaker began with Socrates and briefly dwelt upon him, Hypatia, Michael Servetus, Giordano Bruno, Campanella and Galileo; but could only mention Abeland, Savonarola, Spinoza and others. It is well to have a memorial day for such as these, and thus appreciate the heritage they left us, and carry away into our own lives some of the inspiration of theirs.

World's Congress of Representative Women:—The program for this meeting, running from May 15th to May 22nd is completed. Fortunately for the Unitarians of the country this very interesting Congress will fall on the same week with the Unitarian Anniversaries, enabling them to enjoy both occasions in a limited time. On May 19th, the day following the Western Conference sessions, the Representative Congress has invited the Unitarian Organization of Women to hold a meeting of their own. If the present thought is carried out this meeting will be a joint session of the National Alliance of Unitarian Women and the Women's Western Unitarian Conference. Plans are not matured but this will without doubt be done. These Congresses are to represent Women in as many relations to differing interests as possible. The Stage and Pulpit, Politics, Society, Science, Finance, Municipal Government, Professions, Trades, Homes, are suggestive of the topics to be discussed. Those who are wise will plan to be here on Monday morning and to remain until Saturday night. The feast will be a rich one.

May Wright Sewell of Indianapolis is Chairman of this branch of the Congress and Rache Foster Avery is Secretary.

Women's Western Unitarian Conference—A series of Religious Councils is projected by this body for March 21-22-23 and 24 in several different places in Michigan. They plan to be in Athens on the 21st and 22nd, in Sherwood on the 23rd to assist at the dedication of the new church there, and to follcw this with a short session at Sturges to conclude the week. Mr. Hosmer, Mr. Forbush, Mr. Jones, Mr. Simonds and Miss Tupper and several other friends have promised to be with us there and a good program is in preparation which will we hope, be ready for publication in next week's Unity. It is hoped that the Michigan friends at convenient distances to these points will remember these dates and consider this notice an invitation to them one and all to be present

Kalamazoo, Mich.—Sunday, March 5, was a day of rejoicing in the Unitarian church. In place of the sermon Miss Bartlett announced the generous gift of $20,000. made by Mr. Silas Hubbard for the building of a new church edifice. She then spoke of the thirty-three years of the Unitarian church in Kalamazoo, what had been done, and the enlarged hopes and ideals of the future. Mr. Hubbard's intention had been known to the trustees but not to the congregation at large. The effect of its announcement that morning can be imagined. The following resolutions, prepared by the Board of Trustees, were adopted with grateful enthusiasm:

Whereas, We have long felt the urgent need of a larger and more suitable building for the purposes of our work and worship, and

Whereas, The noble generosity of one of our number has so far provided for the satisfaction of that need by the splendid gift to this society of twenty thousand dollars ($20,000.) therefore be it by the members and congregation of the Frst Unitarian church of Kalamazoo—

Resolved, That we do with heartfelt joy and gratitude thank our brother, Silas Hubbard, for this great and free gift in the interests of those things to which we stand by our bond of union pledged; and that we accept this gift in the spirit and for the purposes for which it is offered—namely, to advance the cause of pure and practical religion, to serve to the best of our ability and in an entirely unsectarian spirit the needs spiritual, moral, mental or physical of all whom it may be in our power to help in this community; to do every good work that we shall be able to do and with equal good will to further any good work done by others.

Resolved, That the great interest and generosity manifested by one of our number should move each of us to give our utmost moral and financial help to securing the conditions that will make this initiatory gift of the greatest avail; and that we will from this hour singly and unitedly labor to make good the large hope of increased usefulness which has dawned upon us through the inspiring example of our brother made known to us this morning.

Resolved, That to secure the best results a committee of not more than eighteen be elected with full power to solicit, collect and disburse all subscriptions and donations; to purchase a lot and cause to be erected thereon a building suited to the purposes as set forth in the foregoing resolutions.

Resolved, That said committee shall have power to dispose of the property now owned by the society as in their judgment seems best, and use the proceeds for the above specified purposes.

A local paper reports that "Mr. Hubbard was called for and amid applause he arose and addressed the assemblage with tears streaming down his cheeks wrinkled by the ravages of ceaseless time. He said for years he studied how he might do something for humanity and he thanked God he had at last found a way. Fify-six years ago he had given up the use of intoxicating liquors and cigars and had vowed to save the money that he would have spent for those unnecessary evils. He had figured this up very recently and found that the money that he would have spent for whisky and cigars in fifty-six years at seven per cent interest footed up just $40,000. Of this he had spent $20,000, and the remaning amount he would present to the Unitarian society of Kalamazoo for the erection of a church that should not only be a home for the society but should be open every day and every evening and free to the use of every society working in the common cause, humanity.

A blank subscription list was read and prepared for circulation and Miss Batlett explained that it was the expectation of Mr. Hubbard and the trustees to build a church that would be so arranged that there would be a large lecture-room parlor, committee rooms, etc., and room enough so that all societies, such as the Humane society, Unity club, or other similar organizations can meet and that no requests for public gatherings of a nature beneficial to the world should ever be refused. It should be a seven-day church, not a seventh-day church. She said that the conditions of Mr. Hubbard's gift were that the society should not only purchase a site for the building but should also furnish the building after completed.

Subscriptions amounting to $5550. were taken, ranging from the children's gifts to $1000 for the little ones caught the enthusiasm nad were ready with their spending-money and savings-banks. The needed $12,000 is sure to be soon raised. UNITY congratulates minister and people—and good Mr. Hubbard, whose deed outruns mere sectarian aims and makes possible a church of the people and for the people in the city where he has been so long known and respected.

The Study Table.

The under-mentioned books will be mailed, postage free upon receipt of the advertised price, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.

In the April number of Harper will appear an unpublished poem of James Russell Lowell, "An April Birthday at Sea."

Henry James in writing of Ibsen's new play "The Master Builder" now being acted in London, says that he is a "peculiar blessedness to actors." "Surely," he writes, "if the public should ever completely renounce him, players enamored of their art will still be found ready to interpret him for that art's sake to empty benches. No dramatist of our time has had more the secret, and has kept it better, of making his work interesting to them. The subtlety with which he puts them into relation to it eludes analysis, but operates none the less strongly as an incitement."

In the multiplicity of magazines very much good material goes by unappreciated. A wealth of excellence sometimes impoverishes the mind. These reflections are stirred by looking over the March number of the *New England* magazine, all of which shows the live spirit and vigorous culture-touch of its editor, Edwin D. Mead. In this number we visit with Dean Stanley and Phillips Brooks through the introduction of the venerable Geo. E. Ellis. We walk around the magnificent campus of the University of Wisconsin, than which there is none more beautiful in the country, in company with UNITY's good friend, Prof. Frankenberger. And Samuel J. Barrows the many-handed editor of the *Christian Register* takes us through the prisons of Massachusetts. A memorable privilege.

The New World for March is unsurpassed in interest by any previous number of this excellent quarterly. Dr. Cone leads the number with a strong paper upon "The Place of the Fourth Gospel in the New Testament Literature." His conclusion is that "the results of the historico-critical study of the fourth Gospel tend to show with great probability that its place in the literature of the New Testament is among the latest products of Christian thought herein contained, and that it represents the culmination of a course of doctrinal development which may be shown almost certainly to have taken place in the consecutive writings of the Christian canon. Without the freshness and color of the earlier tradition, it may be characterized as a dogmatic-mystical work with an ostensible biographical purpose subordinated to a distinctive theological tendency * * * * There follows, however, by no means from its unapostolic origin, the conclusion that it has not a worth of its own. In its pages the post-apostolic age delivers through a great writer a great teaching."

Prof. Karl Budde, of the University of Strassburg, contributes an interesting article upon "The Folk-Song of Israel." It is pleasant to listen to the voice of Dr. Bartol in these pages, and it rings with all its old-time clearness and prophecy in his article upon "Cosmopolitan religion." John W. Chadwick appears in a good paper upon "Whittier's Spiritual Career." He does not agree with the opinion expressed by some critics in their notices following upon Whittier's death, that we lost the greater poet in gaining the anti-slavery singer and reformer. "There are those who think the anti-slavery conflict was inimical to his poeticfire, making it burn with smokier or less luminous flame. There are also those who, with much better reason, think that it was as friendly to his genius as to his character, but not so directly in the first instance as in the second * * * Without the ferment of the anti-slavery spirit working in the substance of his mind, it might have risen to much better things than those of his first period, but who shall say the other things of his anti-slavery period were not better because of that ferment; that needed to back up the torpor of his traditional inheritance and bring him to distinct self-consciousness?"

The other articles of this number are: The Alleged Socialism of the Prophets, by Alfred W. Benn; The Personal Factor in Biblical Inspiration, by Marion R. Vincent, of the Union Theological Seminary, of New York; Israel in Egypt, by Prof. Toy, and the Briggs Heresy Trial, by Charles R. Gillet, of the Union Theological Seminary. In the last article the issues of the trial are regarded as "momentous to a degree. Indirectly the formula of subscription will be more or less involved." Cases of conscience will arise, and many may be forced to sever their connection with the denomination." "The preliminary steps have been taken which may lead to this undesirable conclusion. The five men who constitute the prosecution * * * have filed an appeal against the acquittal. The disastrous results which may attend their action, have been spread before them; but, unmoved, they proceeded to the step which continues the case so far as it is in their power to continue it. Speculation is idle, but contingent results are not hard to foresee."

This issue of the quarterly has the usu number of "Book Reviews" affording intere ing glimpses over a wider field than the av age reader is able to take from the window his own library. Altogether this latest eff for a high-class review, representative of t best critical scholarship of the age, unfette by creedal committment, well merits the e couraging response which it is meeting wi It is international in its representative char ter. It is to be hoped its subscription list w grow commensurately with the growing me of the review.

F. L. H

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The Woman's Publishing Company of Minneapolis, Minn., publishers of "The Housekeeper" paid 5 per cent as its first semi-annual dividend, Jan. 2, 1893. All stock fully paid up before April 1 will participate in the next semi-annual dividend of *at least* 5 per cent which will be declared and paid July next. A few shares of the capital stock of this company, par value $10 each, will make a permanent paying present or investment. A handsome brochure telling all about it is sent free on application.

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on.—There are ends more worthy than happiness.
ues.—In his vast work for good or ill,
The undone and the done He blends.
ed.—Let our deeds be syllables.
Of the prayer our spirit spells.
hurs.—If the world seems cold to you kindle fires to warm it!
ri.—When generous acts bloom from unselfish thought,
The Lord is with us, though we know it not.
at.—The heavens beckon us onward, not away from earthly things, but through them into spiritual realities.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

Beautiful Thoughts.

eautiful thoughts in this book we give,
o teach all people how to live;
eautiful thoughts of light and love,
ome to us only from above.

eautiful thoughts of God and good,
ill fill the soul with richest food:
here Joy, Peace and Love abound,
nd happiness is ever found.

eautiful thoughts at eventide,
ill help to throw all care aside.
eautiful thoughts of prayer and praise,
ill give to all more happy days.

—*Minnie Stoddard in The Silver Cross.*

An Intelligent Cat.

Her proper name was Tomasia; but ne was called Tommy for short. he was not a handsome cat. She as lean and long, and her nose was oo pointed for the perfect type. But iere was much grace in the panther-ke sway and swing of her body as ie moved along, especially when ealing upon her unsuspecting prey. he was possessed of great courage, s the two fox-terriers in the next ooryard had sometimes learned to ieir cost; and they had come to keep ell to their own side of the dividing ne. The stray dog of the street, so, that thought to have sport at er expense, discovered that he had eckoned without his host, and went ack a wiser fellow for the experience. omasia excelled in that practical rtue which makes the first merit of er tribe. She was a great ratter. oon after she was domesticated in er new home on First Avenue in the own of Mittenville, mice and rats be-ame as rare on the premises as nakes in Ireland. It would have een well for the household if Toma-a's zeal had stopped here; but, like lexander of old, she sighed for new orlds to conquer, and many a morn-g a huge rat would be found laid pon the back door-step, the spoil f her night excursions abroad. ne of these excursions once came ear to a sad ending for Tomasia. he had gone into a neighbor's barn outting the rear of the lot, and while iere, doubtless laying siege to some it-hole, the door was shut and locked or the night. In the early morning omasia's plaintive cries attracted ie attention of her young master. here she stood, framed in a little pen window just under the eaves, ot daring to jump, and yet with no ther way of escape. Meanwhile her ifant family of five had hungered for er through the long night. She was t out by the door and the reunion ith her family was a demonstrative ne on both sides.

As these kittens grew older, places ere in turn found for four of them. he fiith grew to cat-hood under omasia's immediate care. When this kitten was about one-third grown, I was witness to a very interesting incident which showed that Tomasia carried some reason in her small head and could use it upon occasion. I was lying in the hammock under a large, low branching old willow at the rear of the house. I heard a succession of piteous calls and, looking up, I saw the kitten climbing as if for her life to a swaying branch. She had climbed the trunk and crept out upon one of the lower limbs. This was easy enough; but the limb grew smaller and smaller, and the farther the poor kitten went, the less could she turn to get back. Her fright was extreme as she realized the fix she was in, and she cried loudly. But before I could start to the rescue, Tomasia was on the ground. She had heard the call of distress. She looked at her kitten, then quick as a flash she sprang up the tree. She stopped suddenly at the beginning of the branch, instantly realizing that there was no rescue in this way; for the kitten could not turn nor would the tapering limb bear her own weight. Again like a flash she jumped to the ground, placed herself beneath the frightened kitten, looked up, and called out as if saying: "Let go, it won't hurt you; mother is here." The kitten loosed her hold, dropped safely to the ground, and was at once comforted by the caresses of Tomasia. It was a curious and most interesting incident, showing how reason and affection belong to the brain and the heart of what some one has happily called "our poor relations."

F. L. H.

Essentials of Character.

III.

TRUTHFULNESS.

"This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou caust not then be false to any man."

True at all Points. Truthfulness may be called the cement which holds together the essentials of character, or the joinery which makes all parts fit well together. As a house can only be well built, when all the meterials are so made that each piece fits its place, that a shapely and compact whole may be made, so one can only build a perfect character when all his words and all his actions are consistent; that is, fit well together. What he says at one time must agree with what he says at another; what he says with his tongue must agree with what he says by his actions. In a factory where many men are working upon different parts of a single article, each man's work must be true or the article will be misshaped and imperfect. So each day and each hour you are building different parts of your character and each part must be true or your character will be imperfect.

Truth in Action. Perfect truthfulness means more than saying words that are true. One may convey a false meaning by looks, or by actions, by speaking only half the truth or by remaining silent. To be perfectly truthful one must mean to convey a truthful impresion; must so speak and so act as not to deceive.

Truthfulness in the Home is one of the very first requirements of a happy home-life. Love soon dies out of the home when deception enters; but perfect truthfulness in the home increases love and esteem, and trust and happiness.

Truthfulness on the Playground leads to perfect fairness to all, and all play is happier if no one is deceived or defrauded.

Truthfulness in the School-room prevents all peeping into books during recitations. It tells the teacher no false tales to avoid a hard lesson or get excused from attendance. It shuns all hiding of forbidden books or things in the desks. It banishes all sly and underhand action and makes boys and girls frank, open and fearless, because they have no guilty secrets to hide. Nothing tends so much to manly independence as truthfulness,

Truthfulness in Social Life destroys all "white lies" and all pretense of friendship that does not exist, though it need not be rude and uncivil. It puts all social intercourse upon frank and open terms and lifts it from the degradation of deception and sham.

Truthfulness in Business is the foundation of all credit, and without it men would have to return to the meager transactions of savage tribes. Not only is it right but it pays in business to be thoroughly truthful, because all, even those who are untruthful themselves, like to deal with those who will always tell the truth—whose word they can depend upon.

Truthfulness in Religion shuns allsham and pretense in our relations to God, forbids all support of beliefs which do not voice the sincere convictions of the heart as a lie to God and degrading and defiling to the soul.

Let teacher and class discuss cases in their own experience when truthfulness is needed, but do not try to win unthinking assent to the propositions of this or any other lesson, as this might encourage untruthfulness.

H. C. McDougal.

The fourth number of "Childhood" is at hand and its hold upon the reader increases with each issue. The papers "Preparation for Motherhood" by Florence Hull, and "The Inevitable Contact with Evil" by Rev. Frank H. Palmer, deserve a special mention, Would that every parent could read them: Dr. Winterburn, in his editorials, tells how and why veils are useless and injurious adjuncts to a baby's toilet. Read them and do not torture the innocents longer.

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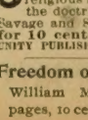

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